

# SOUTHERN PIONEER.

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

By G. W. H. BROWN.

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## CONDITIONS OF THIS PAPER.

THE SOUTHERN PIONEER will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance; or, if not paid before the expiration of a year, SIX DOLLARS will invariably be exacted. No paper discontinued (except at the option of the proprietor,) until all arrearages are paid. A failure to give notice of discontinuing the paper, will be considered a new engagement.

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Not exceeding a square (ten lines or less) will be charged for at double the rates of advertising. All political circulars, or public addresses for the benefit of individual persons or companies, will be charged as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch. Having a large and beautiful assortment of Fancy and Job Type, the proprietor is prepared to do all kinds of LETTER PRESS PRINTING in the neatest style. In this respect, he respectfully solicits the patronage of the people of Carroll and the adjoining counties.

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## POETRY.



"LIKE ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG."

### AN EXILE'S PROPHECY.

England! thy sun is setting!  
Thy glory waxeth dim;  
Thy Genius, her charge forgetting,  
Chaunteth thy dying hymn!

England! thy heart is rotten!  
Corruption rankleth there;  
Soon wilt thou be forgotten,  
But as a race that were!

Look at thy population—  
Hear ye that throttling sigh!  
See ye not gaunt Starvation,  
And the death glance of her eye!

What though thy pampered minions,  
Thy ministers and lords,  
Deal forth their grave opinions  
In fair and honeyed words!

What though they hang around thee  
A drapery of steel?  
What though thy fleets surround thee?  
Yet thou hast nerves to feel!

And palsy death is stalking  
Along thy life-path now;  
And, in its noon-tide walking,  
Blancheth thy sadd'ning brow!

Thy arrogance hath doomed thee  
To sure and sudden death!  
Thy vice, thy pride entomb thee  
Ere check'd by shortening breath!

And think'st thou, haughty nation,  
Thus verging on thine end,  
To meet thine own salvation  
By grasping at thine friend!

Mark thee! thy death-spasm, England,  
Doth in that last clutch lie!  
And nations round thee, England,  
Prepare to see thee die!

England! thy sun is setting!  
Thy glory waxeth dim;  
Thy Genius, her charge forgetting,  
Chaunteth thy dying hymn!

**BACON SAVED.**—The legislature of Maine have granted a divorce to Col. Ebenezer Cobb and his wife Sarah Bacon. The wrong side of fifty caught the husband, while the bride had just passed the blooming age of seven-teen.

For this divorce the only course  
That wisely could be taken,  
Fair Sarah sued—the case was proved,  
And thus she saved her Bacon!

Can any blame the youthful dame,  
Who gave the courts a job?  
When all the corn is shell'd and gone,  
Say, who would keep the Cobb?

**A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.**—A woman may say what she pleases to you, without the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy shoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over to her. She can take a walk on a pleasant day, without the fear of being asked to treat at every coffee-house she passes. She can paint her face if too pale, or flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is "kilt." She can wear corsets if too thick, and other fixings if too thin.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

**JOHN QUINCY ADAM'S Farewell to the Supreme Court of the United States.**—"May it please your honors: On the 7th of February, 1804, now more than thirty-seven years past, my name was entered, and yet stands recorded, on both the rolls, as one of the Attorneys and Counsellors of the court. Five years later, in February and March, 1809, I appeared for the last time before the court, in defence of the cause of justice and of important rights, in which many of my fellow-citizens had property to a large amount at stake. Very shortly afterwards, I was called to the discharge of other duties—first in distant lands, and in later years within our own country, but in different departments of her government. Little did I imagine that I should ever again be required to claim the right of appearing in the capacity of an officer of this court, yet such has been the dictates of my destiny—and I appear again to plead the cause of justice, and now of liberty and life, in behalf of many of my fellow-men, before that same court, which in a former age I had addressed in support of rights of property. I stand again, I trust for the last time, before the same court—"hic cecius, artemque repono." I stand before the same court, but not the same Judges—nor aided by the same associates—nor resisted by the same opponents.

As I cast my eyes along those seats of honor and of public trust now occupied by you, they seek in vain for one of those honored and honorable persons whose indulgence listened then to my voice. Marshall, Cushing, Chase, Washington, Johnson, Livingston—Todd. Where are they? Where is that eloquent statesman and learned lawyer, who was my associate counsel in the management of that cause. Robert Goodloe Harper?—Where is that brilliant luminary, so long the pride of Maryland and of the American bar then my opposing counsel, Luther Martin?—Where is the excellent clerk of that day, whose name has been inscribed on the shores of Africa as a monument of his abhorrence of the African slave trade, Elias B. Caldwell! Where is the crier of the court! Alas! Where is one of the very judges of the court, arbiters of life and death, before whom I commenced this anxious argument even now prematurely closed! Where are they all? Gone! Gone! All gone! Gone from the services which, in their day and generation, they faithfully rendered to their country. From the excellent characters which they sustained in life, so far as I have had the means of knowing, I humbly hope, and finally trust, that they have gone to receive the rewards of blessedness on high. In taking then my final leave of this bar, and of this honorable court, I can only ejaculate a fervent petition to Heaven, that every member of it may go to his final account with as little of earthly frailty to answer for as those illustrious dead, and that you may every one, after the close of a long and virtuous career in this world, be received at the portals of the next with the approving sentence—"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

**A BRIDAL BLUNDER.**—At Walcott, last week, a dashing carriage drove up to the church from Box, and a bride, attended by her bridesmaid, was handed out by her papa. The parson and the whole party were soon in readiness for the important ceremony, with the exception that a chief performer in the drama was unaccountably absent. The bride trembled as the minutes moved away, and—"He cometh not," she said. Her father waxed wroth at the bridegroom's unpardonable non-appearance, and taking his horse, galloped in search of his intended son-in-law. On arriving at the sinner's house, he found him quietly pursuing his wonted avocations, unconscious of the presence of his Dulcinea at Hymen's altar. An explanation ensued.—He had left the lady and her bridesmaid to fix the day, but unfortunately, they committed the blunder of neglecting to ascertain if the intimation was received as well as sent.—The fact was, it was not received, and hence the disappointment. The bride thanked her stars it was no worse, and the wedding took place on the following day.

### From the New Orleans Picayune.

#### THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

During the last two or three weeks, all sorts of rumors respecting the fate of the Texan expedition to Santa Fe have been pouring in upon us. The first intelligence of the loss of the expedition which bore the semblance of authenticity, came by way of Havana. We give our reasons, at some length, for disbelieving that account. Those reasons were considered by others, as well as by ourselves, very strong; but we did not cease to entertain fears for the safety of G. W. Kendall, our absent friend and associate. Nearly a week ago, additional news from Mexico was received in such a shape as to increase our fears, even to render it almost certain that the entire expedition had been taken. Although Mr. Kendall joined the expedition simply as a guest, presuming, before he left this city, that it was merely a trading party, although we were well satisfied that so far as he was concerned, he could prove that it was a pleasure excursion only; and that consequently he would be well treated by the Mexicans, into whose hands he had fallen, and be early liberated—still, we thought it our business to open an immediate communication with him, if possible, and with the Mexican government. For effecting that purpose, we advertised several days ago for a

schooner to go to Vera-Cruz. That arrangement is hardly completed before we are placed in possession of intelligence direct from Mexico, of the most painful and exciting character. The letter from Chihuahua, which we publish below, was received yesterday morning by a mercantile firm in this city, and is addressed, as will be seen, to the Texan Secretary of War. No name is attached to it, for reasons apparent upon the face of the letter; but we are sorry to say that no reasonable doubt of its accuracy and authenticity can be entertained. If its statements be true, Kendall may have already met his fate. God grant that the hope originated in the last paragraph of the letter may be realized.

The friends of G. W. Kendall may rest assured that his associates in business will not wait quietly for others to attempt to secure his safety. It is altogether probable that they feel as deep an interest in his welfare as any body else. One of his partners will immediately leave this city for Mexico—and if Kendall is in the land of the living, he will soon be at home again.

CHIHUAHUA, North Mexico,

Nov. 4th, 1841.

To John G. Chalmers, M. D., Austin, Texas:

Sir: He who now addresses you, does so with some personal risk, and therefore must use the precautions which prudence suggests. His agents in New Orleans will be able, from the autograph to inform you of the writer's name. He has never been in Texas, and is not aware that he has a single acquaintance in that country. But there are sympathies which extend beyond the circle of personal friends. By particular request of Col. William Cook and Dr. Richard G. Brenham, I sit down to give you a narrative of the disasters, as detailed to me in some brief interviews with them, during their short sojourn in this city as prisoners of war. Exactness of dates I cannot pretend to observe. The confusion and strangeness of the events preclude their possibility; but the general chain will be faithfully narrated.

The advance party, of about one hundred men, had reached the neighborhood of Santa Fe, leaving the rear guard, with the wagons and artillery, some two hundred miles behind. Four or five men were then sent forward to announce the purposes of their mission to the authorities, and to say that they had come more as friends than foes; that they wished to cultivate the acquaintance of their neighbors, and open commercial relations with them, and not to provoke hostilities. Of the *avant couriers*, one was a Capt. Lewis and another was Mr. Kendall, editor of the New Orleans Picayune. They were seized, and two or three, some say four of them, were, by order of Gov. Armijo, immediately shot. The Governor, then, with a large body of New Mexicans in arms, went out to salute their visitors. The latter had, however, taken up a strong position, and prepared to act on the defensive, should it be necessary—hitherto ignorant of the fate of their emissaries, as of the reception they were likely to meet.

In a ravine formed by the freshets, having a view of some magnitude in the rear, stood Col. Cook and his men, confident that from this position they could not be dislodged.—Here they waited the approach of their adversaries, doubtful yet whether to regard them as friends or foes—impatient for the order to fire, yet restrained by their pacific instructions from the Texan government, they watched for some act of aggression to justify them in testing the temper of their guns. At this critical moment comes forward Capt. Lewis, accompanied by a nephew of the Governor, (who speaks and understands the English language well) and begs Col. Cook not to fire, nor be concerned. He assures him there is no need of an engagement, as the Governor is disposed to receive them kindly, and that articles of agreement had been already entered into for an armistice, which might lead to a friendly alliance. On the other hand he represented the Mexican force as numerous and strong; that in an hour they would be surrounded by five thousand men, all armed and obedient to their chief; that it was vain to resist, and the Governor was anxious to avoid a conflict, and would deal better by them than they had any right to expect.

These representations and assurances, coming from their own interpreter, and supported by the Governor's nephew, exercised a fatal influence. They inclined to listen to terms of capitulation, which were agreed upon as follows:

They were to lay down their arms, and return forthwith to Texas; their persons were to be safe and inviolate; the Governor was to protect them against the populace—to escort them to the borders of Texas, and there having restored to them their guns, despatched them for their homes.

These articles were ratified in the usual manner in such cases, and the Texan party in good faith, surrendered their arms. They were instantly seized, tied, and plundered of every thing. Even their uniform was stripped off—Hats, boots, and shoes shared the same fate, and in this condition they were ordered to march under a strong escort to the city of Mexico, a distance of near two thousand miles, and answer to the authorities there as prisoners of war. They arrived here about ten days ago, having suffered greatly from fatigue, hunger and thirst. In this place they received as good treatment as could be expected in their circumstances. Though re-

strained of all liberty, their personal wants were attended to, and by voluntary subscriptions of both foreigners and natives, they were clad (near 100 men) in a light but comfortable suit, and then sent forward on their dreary march. They are expected to reach the capital some time in December next. Among the prisoners is a lad of the name of Coombs, whose father in Kentucky was named minister to Mexico. The boy heard of this in Galveston and presuming his father would accept the appointment he resolved to accompany this expedition to Santa Fe, and from thence go to Mexico to join his parent.

The names of some of the officers are Capt. Sutton, Engineer Hunt, Lubock. It is not known whether Capt. Lewis acted from fear or treachery, or whether he was himself deceived. The most charitable supposition is the latter, although the result has not mitigated the sufferings nor lessened the perils of his companions. He alone, unless Kendall has been saved, remains with Armijo in Santa Fe. He is doubtless detained to aid Armijo's operations upon the party and wagons in the rear. The instructions of the Texan President, together with his proclamation to the inhabitants, private letters and other documents were taken and sent to this place for translation. During this process some suspicion fell upon the foreign residents, two of whom, Mr. Thurston and Capt. Dryden, were thrown into prison—the former was detained in durance about fifteen days, and the latter still in close confinement uncertain of what will be his sentence. 'Tis thought it will be death.

Much speculation has been had upon the probable destiny that awaits the prisoners.—Santa Anna is now the chief executive, having lately made himself absolute dictator, and when power is once securely grasped, examples of his voluntary surrender have been exceedingly rare. Their fate will depend solely upon his will, and knowing his character, there is serious reason to fear that they will be ordered to execution before they reach Mexico, *a la Col. Fanning*. However, his eccentricities have at times been surprising and unaccountable, and he may dispose of them in some other way. Our latest intelligence from the capital is that he has ordered a force of 12,000 men to be equipped for another invasion of Texas.

P. S. News has arrived here that the command under Gen. McLeod has surrendered in a manner similar to Col. Cook, and with similar treatment, corroborating the surmise that Lewis was saved for a tool in this business.—They have been some twenty days on their march toward Mexico, and are expected here in ten or twelve more. The Governor in his despatches, says he has detained as prisoners two commissioners, one secretary, and one other, undescribed, probably Kendall. Lewis, for his fidelity and activity, has been set at liberty, to wend his way to Texas or to the devil, alone, as he prefers. Here he cannot stay, much less live. An extraordinary courier arrived with despatches to the Governor last night. The purport no one can ascertain. Conjecture says the prisoners have escaped. Nov. 5th, 1841. The above is a plain simple statement of facts.

Your obedient servant.

**A FLUSTER.**—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing on the 5th, says—Last night a warm dispute arose between Marshall of Kentucky and Governor Gilmer in the bar of Brown's Hotel, which was high terminating in an exhibition of pugilism not at all creditable, but they were separated before claret was drawn.

Louisville Gazette.

What is more simple, sweet, innocent, and gentle, than the countenance of a cat watching to devour a rat!

**WHO ARE THE ANTI-BOND PAYERS?**—The Vicksburg Whig has made out a table of the votes of the several counties, with the amount of taxes paid by each, from which we learn that those counties which pay the most taxes, are the strongest in favor of paying the State bonds, and preserving the faith of the State untarnished. Twenty-one counties, to-wit: Adams, Amite, Bolivar, Carroll, Claiborne, Coahoma, Hancock, Hinds, Holmes, Jefferson, Madison, Neshoba, Perry, Panola, Rankin, Tallahatchie, Tunica, Warren, Washington, Wilkinson and Yazoo, pay \$192,001 22 into the Treasury of the State, and gave at the late election a bond-paying majority in the aggregate of 2817 votes; while the remaining thirty-six counties, to-wit: Attala, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Clark, Copiah, Covington, De Soto, Franklin, Green, Harrison, Itasca, Jackson, Jasper, Jones, Kemper, Lauderdale, Lawrence, Leake, Lafayette, Lowndes, Marion, Monroe, Marshall, Neshoba, Newton, Oktibeha, Pontotoc, Scott, Simpson, Smith, Tippah, Tishomingo, Wayne, Winston, Yalobusha and Pike, which pay into the Treasury only \$4,928 93, gave an aggregate majority of 4993 against paying the bonds. The counties which pay the largest tax, gave the largest bond-paying majority; while on the other hand those counties which pay the smallest tax, gave the largest majorities against paying. Four bond-paying counties alone, (Adams, Hinds, Warren and Wilkinson) pay more tax than all the anti-bond counties together!—These counties gave a majority of 1640 in support of the honor and faith of the State.

The politician and political economist will each draw his own conclusions from these facts.—Memphis Enquirer.

From Blackwood's Magazine for Oct.

**BOSWELLIANA.**—I and my illustrious friend have just returned from a visit to Brighton. My mind felt expanded by the magnitude of his. We put up at the Albion, and had an excellent dinner. My illustrious friend chuckled.

**JOHNSON.**—"This, Sir, is worth living for. The human palate was not meant to lie follow, any more than the human mind." He rolled himself about in evident exultation at the mighty thought. I immediately wrote it down.

**BOSWELL.**—"But, sir, is it your opinion that lobster sauce was intended to accompany turbot, by an original designation of nature?" He looked at me, as I thought, with unusual ferocity.

**JOHN.**—"And why not, sir?" he thundered. Then relapsing into a smile, he said, "Carries and other condiments may be the effects of civilization; we do not find them in a neutral form. The skill of the cook there finishes the conception of the philosopher. What has occupied the meditation of the closet, is completed by the dexterity of the kitchen—But lobsters, sir!"

Here he frowned again, and I dreaded a storm, and handed him a bottle of Brighton sauce. It had the effect of restoring his good humor.

**JOHN.**—"Lobsters sir, are not to be spoken of with the haughtiness of arrogant science, or with the pertness of flippant conjecture.—They are a work of nature, not a composition of art. Now, this Brighton sauce, is a composition of art; and on such a subject, you, sir, may say what you please. You are adequate to its discussion."

He seemed pleased with the thought and laughed heartily. I proposed a glass of wine.

**JOHN.**—"Yes, sir, wine is the liquor of oblivion; it will enable me to forget you. Sir, you are superficial. Superficiality consists not in the possession of space, but in the want of depth; not in the expansion of substance, but the shallowness of material. It is a negative idea."

I was delighted with his eloquence. But I ventured an attempt to change the subject.

**Bos.**—"Sir I have heard in Scotland"—The lion was instantly roused. Shaking his head majestically, he looked at me.

**JOHN.**—"Sir, what can you have heard in Scotland? Sir, it requires some sense even to hear. To be sure," he added with a solemn laugh, "a man may be an editor's box; formed to receive all the anonymous trash that tools or knaves pour into it; or he may be a moral poor box open to all the spurious coin of public credulity; or he may be a pawn broker's shop, left only to retain the cast-off remnants of other men's property. But he may be no more fit to discuss the merits or demerits of a country, than a crow is fit to discuss the merits or demerits of London, because it may have perched accidentally upon St. Paul's, sir, adhere to the Brighton sauce. Men are never ridiculous but when they aspire. No one objects to the ass for chewing the thistle."

**Bos.**—"Well, sir, you do not deny this syllabus has merit?"

**JOHN.**—"No, sir, it has merit. That you may discuss. Avoid pride. By that sin fell the angels!"

**Bos.**—"But, sir, the prospect from the window is beautiful."

**JOHN.**—"Sir, it is beautiful. Nature is always beautiful. Brighton will be always beautiful, because the folly of man cannot spoil its beauty. Wealth may lavish, or taste may be perverse. The fantasies of monarchs may be commemorated in barbaric piles of stone, or the speculators of builders may encumber the soil with vandalism in brick; but they cannot build porticos in the depths of the channel, nor whitewash the green immensity of its waves. Come, sir, I am tired of you. Let us walk upon the shore."

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

Truth is the object of Reason, and this is one; Beauty is the object of taste, and this is multiform.

**THE IRISH CHANCELLOR.**—The difficulty respecting Sir Edward Sugden's appointment as Lord Chancellor arose, it is said, from this gentleman's having married his cook, and the resolution of Lady de Grey not to admit her to the Irish Court. The affair is thus alluded to in the Dublin Mail: The exclusion of a member of Sir Edward's family from Lady Haddington's Court, induced Sir Edward, when Chancellor of Ireland years ago, to resign his office. He resumes it now, conscious that the Countess de Grey, 'treading in the footsteps of her predecessor, will refuse to receive at her Court the lady whose claims had been repudiated by her excellency the Countess of Haddington; and on the question being referred to Queen Adelaide, her Majesty, in the most distinct manner, approved of the decision to which Lady Haddington had come."

**ON, FIRE!**—A very modest looking young lady, while going through a Philadelphia market one morning, got squeezed between a couple of large market baskets, and in endeavoring to extricate herself, rent a small hole in her dress. She very pettishly exclaimed, "don't rot the baskets!"

Reader!—what'll you take to don't, after reading these lines!